The Courier-Journal.

SUPPLEMENT.

THE ROD.

How—Young Ladies Are Birched in England.

[From the Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine.]

"A Rejoicer in the Restoration of the rod" says: I call myself by this title because I do most firmly believe that a great many of the acknowledged evils of the present age—undutiful children, and reckless, heedless young men and women—arise from so many parents and teachers having of late years neglected a most essential duty in not using sufficient and proper corporal chastisement. But from all I hear a great reaction is taking place in this respect. And though there may be many loving mothers, like Tiny, who cannot begin too early. Permit me to state my method, as it fully answered. As babes in arms my children were never allowed what they screamed for, and at the age of one year I began to chastise them, that is to say, at first to give perhaps two strokes with a birch twig, increasing the punishment with their age. With the various dispositions I found great difference in the amount of discipline required. Two of the children were never whipped after four years old; they were the two which required almost incessant punishment between one and three. Two boys and two girls were never whipped much after seven, or perhaps seven and a half. My eldest girl escaped from the rod at ten, but my third, who was subject to fits of willfulness, did not receive her last whipping till some months past fourteen. At the beginning, before the child can reason, the slightest fault should never pass uncorrected—certainty of the punishment is even more important than severity, though I think one severe whipping more useful than three slight ones. A bad fit of obstinacy is one of the most trying naughtinesses, such as suddenly refusing to say a letter or word perfectly known. As the fit must be subdued, I used to inflict a whipping at intervals of ten minutes till the word was said. Sometimes the fit would last an hour or even longer. For lying, as the most deadly of all childish sins, the most severe punishment was reserved. Whatever the time of day, the culprit was sent upstairs to prepare for bed and when ready was brought to me. I had in the meantime told their father of the occurrence, and on the child's appearance led it to the study door, leaving it to enter alone.

THE BIBLE AND THE BIRCH.

After pointing out to the child the fearful nature of its fault, and praying with it that it might never again fall into such sin, my husband, saying, I fear you shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone," inflicted an invariably extremely severe whipping, proportionate to the age of the delinquent, who was thenceforth to bed. One unanswerable argument in favor of my system is that my dear children, who are all married, have adopted it in every detail with their own little ones. Depend upon it, children chastised systematically from a baby will seldom require the rod after ten.

FLORENCE'S FLOGGINS.

Florence (Oakley square) thus narrates her experience: Both my brother and myself were spoiled, in the fullest sense of the word. My father spoiled me, and my mother spoiled my brother. However, when I was fourteen years of age my parents were compelled to go abroad for mama's health, and I was left under the guardianship of a maiden aunt, who quickly decided that a strict school was the best place for me. To a school in Hertfordshire I was accordingly sent, the schoolmistress having been previously informed that I was "a child of wayward disposition." I had not been there a week before "the spirit of opposition which pervaded me," as my aunt used to term it, got me into hot water, and I was ordered to bed. I had not been undressed many minutes when Miss Margaret, one of the principal came into the room, and, after well lecturing me on my conduct, told me she intended to whip me. She then rang the bell, and one of the maids brought a birch rod, and I was told to prepare, which I flatly refused to do.

HUNG ON THE PEG.

As I was rebellious, the maid tied my hands together with a towel, the end of which she fastened to a peg high up on the wall, so that I could only just reach the floor with the tips of my toes. Miss Margaret then gave me a severe flogging. Finding I was obstinate, after a minute or two she desisted and left the room, leaving me with the maid. I tried hard to get off the peg, but could not. When Miss Margaret returned she asked me whether I was sorry. "No!" I shouted. "Then I must whip you again," she said, suiting the action to the word. This second whipping was too much for my spirit, and I begged for forgiveness. The rest of the day I did not cease crying, not so much from the pain as from mortification that I had met my match and been conquered. Strange as it may seem, from that day I may say to the present I have loved Miss Margaret, and left her to be a true friend. As I believe great benefit has resulted in my case from corporal punishment, I think it right to advocate it, for I know from observation that if our faults are not corrected when we are young we generally suffer in a far harder school when we grow up.

PHILADELPHIA FLOGGING.

From Philadelphia, United States, a sister writes: I have seen a subject discussed in your magazine which at this present time is very interesting to me. I refer to the personal chastisement of children. My case is this: I have my two younger sisters to bring up (their mother being dead), and I find great difficulty in making them obey. The children are frequently disobedient and naughty. The only punishment that I have yet inflicted upon them is a box on the ear, or sending them to bed, neither of which I find does them any good. Their father has given me full control over them, and says, if I find it well to whip them to do so; but I would first like to ask some elder sister who has had the bringing up of younger ones if it is well for a sister to administer corporal punishment? I see none of the letters in your magazine from sisters, or I would not have troubled you with this. I see most of your correspondents advocate a bunch of twigs as the best instrument of correction.

DO THEY LEAVE MARKS.

I should like to ask if they leave any marks for any length of time, when applied without covering.

TO JULIA.

(Presented With a Flower.

Oh, take this bud—it is a gem
I stole from Spring's rich diadem:
Its breath is lighter than the wing
Of gentle breezes born in spring:
It hue is fair as damask rose,
Or summer clouds at evening's close;
And now 'tis like a shooting star,
That wandered from its home afar—
Its only wi h shall ever be
For thee to live, to die of thee.

When in the western ocean waves
The sun, his endless journey leaves,
And in the sky of heaven so fair,
Amid the millions twinkling there,
A star from its bright home above
Looks down with kindly, soothing love,
As if seems to say with looks divine,
For thee I only live and shine;
Like this bright star, may this fair flower
But bloom to cheer each weary hour,
And through its fragile wishes be
For thee to live, to die for thee.

Then take the bud, the offering take,
Alone for mine, the giver's sake,
And place it on thy bosom fair
To kiss the love that nestles there;
And oh, if as love's holy shrine
These arms should press this heart to thine,
May they forever beat as one
Till earth shall melt or fade the sun;
And if these eyes on me should dwell,
And love's inspiring passion tell,
My wish, then, like this bud's, shall be,
For thee to live, to die for thee.

PERCY FENTON.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April, 1870.

POPULAR WOMEN.

[From the Saturday Review.]

The three chief causes of personal popularity are the admiration which is excited, the sympathy which is given, or the pleasure that can be bestowed. We put out of count for our present purpose the popularity which accompanies political power or intellectual strength, this being due to condition, not quality, and therefore not to the sort of woman; besides, it belongs to men rather than to women, who seldom have any direct power that can advance others, and still seldomer intellectual strength enough to obtain a public following because of their confessed supremacy. The popular women we mean are simply those met with in society, women whose natural place is in the drawing-room and whose sphere is the well-dressed world, women who are emphatically ladies, and who understand *les convenances* and obey them, even if they take up a cause and practice philanthropy or preach philosophy. But the popular woman rarely does take up a cause or make her philanthropy conspicuous or her philosophy audible. Partisanship implies angles, and she has no angles. If of the class of the admired, she is most popular who is least obtrusive in her claims and most ingenious in ignoring her superiority. A pretty woman, however pretty, if affected, vain, or apt to give herself airs, may be admired, but is never popular. The men whom she snubs sneer at her in private; the women whom she eclipses as well as snubs do more than sneer; those only to whom she is gracious find her beauty a thing of joy, but as she is distractingly eclectic in her fanaticism she counts as many foes as she has friends; and, though those who dislike her cannot call her ugly, they can call her disagreeable, and do. But the pretty woman who wears her beauty to all appearances unconsciously, never suffering it to be aggressive to other women nor willfully employing it for the destruction of men, who is gracious in manner and of a pleasant temper, who is frank and approachable, and does not seem to consider herself as something sacred and set apart from the world because nature made her lovelier than the rest—she is the woman whom all unite in admiring, the popular person *par excellence* of her set.

The popular pretty woman is one who, take her as a young wife (and she must be married), honestly loves her husband, but does not thrust her affection into the face of the world, and never flirts with him in public. Indeed, she flirts with other men just enough to make time pass pleasantly, and enjoys a rapid waltz or a lively conversation as much as when she was seventeen, and before she was appropriated. She does not think it necessary to go about morally ticketed, nor does she find it necessary for her dignity or her virtue to fence herself round with coldness or indifference to the multitude by way of proving her loyalty to one. Still, as it is notorious that she does love her husband, and as every one knows that they are perfectly content with each other, and therefore not on the lookout for supplements, the men with whom she has those little innocent jokes, those transparent secrets, those animated conversations, that confessed friendship and good understanding, do not make mistakes, and the very women belonging to them forget to be censorious, even though she is so much admired. She is a mother too, and a fond one; so can sympathize with other mothers, and expatiate on her nursery in her confidential chat over five o'clock tea, as all fond mothers do and should. She keeps a well managed house, and is notorious for the amount of needlework she gets through, and of which she is prettily proud, not being ashamed to tell you that the dress you admire so much was made by her own hands, and she will give your wife the pattern if she likes, while she boasts even rougher upholstery work which she and her maid and her sewing-machine have got through with dispatch and credit. She gives dinners with a *cachet* of their own, and that have been evidently planned with careful thought and study; and she is not above her work as mistress and organizer of her household. Let she finds time to keep abreast with the newest literature of the day, and never has to confess to ignorance of the ordinary topics of conversation. She is not a woman of extreme views about anything She has not signed improper papers, and she does not discuss improper questions; she does not go in for women's rights; she has a horror of facility of divorce; and she sets us for nothing—being neither an advanced woman desirous of usurping the possessions and privileges of men, nor a Griselda who thinks her proper place is at the feet of men to take their kicks with patience and their caresses with gratitude, and is becoming in an inferior creature. She does not dabble in politics; and, though she likes to make her dinners successful and her evenings brilliant, she by no means assumes to be a leader of fashion, or to impose laws on her circle. She is not to be admired, and she is always ready to let herself be loved; she is always ready, too, to do any good work that comes in her way, and she finds time for the careful overlooking of a few pet charities, about which she makes no parade, just as she finds time for her nursery and her needlework. And, truth to tell, she enjoys these quiet hours, with only her children to love her, and her poor pensioners to admire her, quite as much as she enjoys the brilliant receptions where she is among the most popular and most beautiful. Her nature is gentle, her affections large, her passions small; she may have prejudices, but they are lady-like prejudices of a mild kind, mainly on the side of modesty and tenderness and the quietude of womanhood. She is a woman throughout, without the faintest dash of the masculine element in mind or manners, and she aspires to nothing else. She carries with her an atmosphere of happiness, of content, of spiritual completeness, of purity, in which her friend's are filled with a variety of interests, consequently she is never peevish through monotony, nor yet, on the other hand, is she excited, hurried, storm driven, as those who give themselves up to society for the perfect nothing because they attempt too much. She is popular, because she is beautiful without being vain, loving without being sentimental, happy in herself, yet not indifferent to others, because she understands domestic drawing-rooms as well as her nursery ones, and knows how to combine domesticity with social splendor. This is the best type of the popular pretty woman to whom is given admiration, and against whom no one has a stone to fling or a slander to whisper. Her rival is the ideal woman of the English upper-class home, of which, thank heaven, we still raise a few specimens just to show what women may be if they like, and what sweet and lovely creatures they are when they are content to be as nature designed them.

Another kind of popular woman is the sympathetic woman—the woman who gives instead of receiving. This kind is of variable conditions. She may be old, she may be ugly; in fact, she is more often both than neither, but she is a universal favorite notwithstanding, and no woman is more sought after or less wearied of, although none can say why they like her. She may be married, but generally she is either a widow or an old maid; as, if a wife, her sympathies for things abroad are necessarily somewhat cramped by the pressure of the home life, and her sympathies are her claim to popularity. She is sincere, too, as well as sympathetic, and she is safe. She holds the secrets, both of opinion and deed, of all her friends, but no one suspects that any one has confided secrets to her before himself. She has the art, or rather the charm, of perpetual spiritual freshness, and all her friends think in turn that the fountain has been unsealed now for the first time. This is not artifice; it is simply the property of deep and in exhaustible sympathy. It is not necessary that she should be a wise adviser to be popular. Her province is to listen and to sympathize, to gather the sorrows and the joys of others into her own breast, to soften by sharing or heighten by reduplication. Most frequently, too, she is not over rigid in her notions of moral prudence, and will let a love-sick girl talk of her lover, even if the affair is hopeless and has been forbidden, before she will do her best to soothe the man who has had the misfortune to get crazed about his friend's wife. She has been even known, under pressure, to convey a message or a hint; and of the two she is decidedly more pitiful to sorrow than severe to wrong-doing. She is in at all the misfortunes and maladies of her friends. No death takes place without her bearing part of the mourning on her own soul, but then no marriage is considered complete in which she has not a share. She is called on to help whenever there is work to be done, if she is of the practical type; if only of the mental, she has merely to give up her own pleasures and her time, that she may look on and sympathize. Every one likes her, every one takes to her at first sight, no one is jealous of her, and the law of her life is to spend and be spent for others. It not unfrequently happens though that she who does so much for those others has to bear her own burdens unassisted; and that she sits at her home surrounded by the specters of despair and the ghosts of sorrow, which she helps to dispel from their homes. But she is not selfish, and, while she trudges along cheerfully enough under the heavy cross of her friend's crosses, she asks no one to lay to much as a finger on her own. In consequence of which no one imagines that she ever suffers at all on her own account; and most of her friends would take it as a personal affront were she not to turn the tables and ask for that of which she had given so much to others. She is the moral anodyne of her circle, and, when she ceases to soothe, she abdicates the functions assigned to her by nature and dies out of her allotted uses. The popular women we mean are simply those met with in society, women whose natural faculties are more superficial, but whose faculties are more brilliant; the woman who makes herself agreeable, as it is called—that is, who can talk when she is wanted to talk, listen when she is wanted to listen, take a prominent part and some responsibility or keep her personality in the background, according to circumstances and the need of the moment; eminently a useful member of society; and popular just in proportion to the pleasure she can shed around her. But she who offends no one even though she is notoriously sought after and made much of, for she is good natured to all, and people are not jealous of those who do not flaunt their successes, and whom popularity does not make insolent. The popular woman of this kind is always ready to help in the pleasure of others. She is a fair-weather friend, and shrinks with the most charming frankness from those on whom dark days have fallen. She is really very sorry when any of her friends fall out from the ranks, and are left behind to the tender mercies of those cruel camp-followers in the march of life—sorrow or sickness; but she feels that her place is not with them—rather with the singers and players who are making things pleasant for the main body. But if she can not stop to smooth the pillows of a dying bed, or sooth the troubles of an aching heart, she can organize delightful parties, set young people to congenial games, take off bores on to her own shoulders, and even utilize them for the neutralization of others bores; she is good for the back seat or the froult, as is most convenient to others: she can shine at the state dinner where you wont a serviceable show, or make a diversion in the quiet, not to say stupid, conglomerate of fogies, where you want a lively element to prevent universal stupor: she talks easily and well, and even brilliantly when on her mettle, but not enough to excite men's envy, and she has no decided opinions. She is a chameleon, an opal, changing lights, and no one was yet known to determine her central quality. All that can be said of her is that she is good natured and amusing, clever, facile, and ever ready to assist at all kinds of gatherings, which she has the knack of making "go," and which would have been slow without her; that she knows every game that was ever invented and is good for every sort of festivity; that she is well-dressed, even-tempered, and in (apparently) unwearied spirits and superb health: but what she is an honor to when the world is shut out, never troubles the thoughts of any. She is to society what the sympathetic woman is to the individual, and the reward is much the same in both cases. But, unless the socially useful woman has been able to secure the interest of the sympathetic one, the chances are that, popular as she is now, she will be shunted to the side when her time of brilliancy has passed, and that, when her last hour comes, it will find her without the comfort of a friend, forsaken and forgotten. She is of the kind to whom *sic transit* more especially applies; and if her life's food has not been quite the husks, at all events it has not been serviceable or enduring bread.

LIMES.

TO FLORENCE MUTTINGDON, PASSAMAQUODDY, ME.

Sweet maiden of Passamaquoddy,
Shall we seek for communion of souls
Where the limes of the Caribbee isles
Or the distant Saskatchewan rolls?

Ah, no—for in Maine I will find thee
A sweetly sequestered nook,
Where the limes flourish not, but the Skoodoowabskootsis
Confoins with the Skoodoowabskook.

There wander two beautiful rivers,
With many a lovely cloof,
The one is the Skoodoowabskook,
The other the Skoodoowabskoot.

Ah, sweetest of haunts! tho' unmentioned
In geographies, or song,
How fair is the Skoodoowabskook's bank
When joining the Skoodoowabskoot;

Our cot shall be close to the waters
Within that sequestrated nook,
Reflected in Skoodoowabskook
And mirrored in skoodoowabskook!

You shall sleep to the music of leaflets
By zephyrs in wantonness shook,
And dreams of the Skoodoowabskootsis,
And, perhaps, of the Skoodoowabskoot.

When awaked by the hens and the roosters
Each morn, you shall joyously look
On the jaunty Skoodoowabskootsis
With soft gilding Skoodoowabskook!

Your food shall be fresh from the waters,
Drawn forth on the points of a hook,
From sparkling Skoodoowabskootsis,
Or wandering Skoodoowabskook!

You shall quaff the most sparkling of waters,
Drawn forth from a silvery brook
Which flows into Skoodoowabskootsis,
And thus to the Skoodoowabskook!

And you shall preside at the banquet,
And I will wait on thee as cook;
And serve up the fish of Skoodoowabskook,
And slay of the Skoodoowabskook!

Let others sing loudly of Saco,
Or Quoddy, and Lattamaquonche,
Of Kennebec, Penobscot, Machias,
Of Merrigomeche and Buc ouche,

Of Nashwaak, and Magaguadavique,
Of Memmermmamericook—
There's none like the Skoodoowabskookis,
Excepting the Skoodoowabskook!

HISTORICO-GASTRONOMIC SKETCH

[General G. Cisenet in New York Citizen.]

To speak of gastronomy is to think of France.

Is it not singular as well as sad to see all the great names of France desert the records of battle to seek the kitchen, and their blazonry hanging among kettles and pots?

The Duchess of Berri, daughter of the Regent, rivals the Marchioness of Pompadour in endowing French with fresh culinary perfection. One invents the *filets de Lagorce*, which for many years have to be handed down to us; the other prepares those made of fowl *a la Bellevue*.

But while the princess of the royal blood gave her name to the dish she had invented, the woman of pleasure merely named the *filets* after herself, and equally lucrative fact appeared at the King's private suppers. Nevertheless, at a later day, either through the influence of bad example, or, because as her favor increased with the love of the debauched Louis XV., she thought fit to ennoble the dishes which bore her name to certain *tendrons d'agneau* prepared in a manner still approved.

At the same time, the Marquis de Neale made himself illustrious by a little pie of meat and pastry which bears his name; and the Duchess of Marlborough, Duchess of Villeroy, made herself famous by the *poulets a la Villeroy*. The Marchioness of Mauconseil invented the *Chateresse*, a cake; and the wife of the Marshal Duc Lefebre handed down to posterity the *pouletts a la Lefebre*.

Under the Empire the handful of Lucullus's of the grand army, mustering extraordinary courage, returned a true bill against Johnson for the murder of William Lee, an inoffensive youth, whom he had shot down in a drunken frolic, under circumstances of peculiar aggravation. Thomas was retained by a friend of the deceased to aid in the prosecution, and, notwithstanding the earnest advice of his well-wishes to the contary, appeared on the trial of the cause one of the most exciting ever argued at the bar of Vicksburg. On the last day of the session, after adjournment, Thomas rushed into the presence of his wife, with looks of such evident agitation as to chill her soul with overpowering alarm.

"My love, tell me, in the name of heaven, what has happened?" she cried, pale as a corpse, and looking like a leaf in the wind.

"Nothing," answered the husband, thinking to conceal the most fearful part of the intelligence. "Nothing, only the murderer, Mike Johnson, after his acquittal, grossly insulted me in the courtyard, and I knocked him down."

"And he challenged you to fight him with pistols!" almost shrieked the wife, anticipating the rest, with the quickness of woman's keen commonsense.

"It is even so," replied the lawyer, mournfully.

"Oh! say that you will not meet him. Oh! swear that you will not turn duellist in this Solom of the South!" implord the wife, throwing her arms around his neck, and sobbing like a child on his bosom.

"There, do not weep now. I will not turn duellist, dear Emma, although I much fear that the consequence will be my ruin."

"God will protect you from the bold, bad man."

The next morning it was known in Vicksburg that "the Yankee orator" had been challenged and refused to fight. Accordingly, he was generally denounced as a coward—a word which at that day might be considered as expressing far deeper contempt. "Yankee white-liver," "booster," "poltroon," were the sounds most frequently rung in his ears, especially when near the groceries, and there was one then on every terrace of the broken hills.

The matter grew worse. About a week afterwards, Johnson met his victim in the public square, presented a cocked pistol at his heart with one hand, and belabored him unmercifully with a cowhide which he grasped in the other. Resistance at the moment was altogether out of the question, for the slightest motion would have been the signal for immediate death. He thought of Emma and her sweet babe, and bore the castigation in silence.

After this, clients deserted his office, *gentlemen* refused to recognise him or return his salute in the thoroughfares of business, or during his morning strolls over the hills. Had his touch been contagion, or his breath pestilence, he could not have been more carefully shunned.

Another week passed, and the degraded lawyer was in a state of mind bordering on insanity; and yet all the while he concealed the mental torture from his affectionate wife. One evening, in a more than common bitter and gloomy mood, as he walked through the public square, he was again accosted by Mike Johnson, with his cocked pistol in one hand and uplifted cowhide in the other. The assault was the more aggravating as the place was thronged with spectators.

"Coward and villain!" exclaimed Johnson, "did I not tell you that I would cowhide you every week, until I whipped the courage of a man and a gentleman into your Yankee hide?"

"I am not a coward," retorted Thomas, in a hollow tone, so unearthly fierce and wild that it caused every hearer to start. At the instant his lips were livid, and clenched between his teeth till the blood ran. His eyes were red as a mad dog's, and the muscles of his face quivered, but his body and limbs seemed to have the rigidity of marble.

"He will fight now," rung in an eager whisper through the excited crowd, as they saw the terrible tokens of the fiend aroused—the fiend which lurks, at different depths, in all human natures.

"If you are not a coward, why will you not fight?" asked the duellist, somewhat struck, in spite of his thorough desperation, hardened in the hot gore of a dozen murders.

"I will fight, if you wish it," was the loud ringing answer.

"Then you accept my challenge?"

"I do. Will any one present be so good as to act as my second?" inquired the lawyer, addressing the spectators.

For a minute or two no one spoke, so great the dread of the arch-duellist, Mike Johnson.

"Will no one in such a mass of generous men be my second? repeated the lawyer, in a louder tone.

"I will," said a shrill, trumpet-like voice, on the outskirts of the crowd. And a tall, commanding figure, with bravery written on his brow, and the eagle's eye beneath it, made his way to the center of the scene of contention, and stood close fronting Johnson, with a defiance in his manner which the latter, for an instant, quailed.

The question "Who is he? who is he?" circulated among the lookers on. But no one could answer; no one had ever seen him before, and yet everybody would have known, by his appearance, so bold yet tranquil was his bearing.

"Who are you?" inquired the duellest, recovering his presence of mind.

"A stranger from Texas."

"But who will vouch for your respectability?"

"I can give you vouchers sufficient," replied the stranger, frowning till his brows looked frightful; and then stooping forward he whispered something in Johnson's ear, audible alone to him.

"I am satisfied," said the duellist aloud, and with due punctilio," Colonel Morton, will you serve as my friend?"

The individual last addressed gave his assent.

"Now, let us adjourn to some private room and arrange the preliminaries," remarked the stranger; and the principals and seconds left the crowd, then increasing every minute, and excited nearly to madness by the thick-crowding events of the hour.

The meeting took place the following night, in a dark room, with the door locked, and the two seconds on the outside. The principals were placed in opposite corners of the apartment, which was twenty feet square, and each was armed with a large bowie-knife—no more. It was midnight—a night without moon or stars. Black pitchy clouds enveloped the sky, and a slight sifting mist rendered the shadows of the earth more intense. Hence, the room where the deed was about to be begin was wrapped in rayless darkness. The combatants could not even see the blades of their own knives.

At first, they both stooped and stealthily untied and took off their shoes, so as to make the least possible noise in striking over the floor. The same thought had struck them at the same time—to manœuvre for the vantage ground.

Thomas moved in a circle, softly as a cat, around the apartment, till he got within a few feet of the corner where his enemy had first been placed, and then paused to listen. For four or five seconds he could hear nothing in the grave-like silence but the quick beats of his own heavy heart. Presently, however, there crept into his ear an unnaturally audible sound, as of suppressed breathing, in the corner of the room which he had previously left, and then he knew that his foe was trying the same stratagem. The *ruse* was repented twice with the same result. At length Thomas concluded to stand perfectly still and await Johnson's approach. Motionless now himself, and *all ear*, soon he could distinguish a soft rustling noise, like the dropping of flakes of wool, circling round the floor and gradually advancing toward him.

At last, when the sound appeared within about three feet of the lawyer's position, he suddenly made a bounding plunge with his knife, aimed in the dark air, where he supposed his foeman's heart to be. The blade struck against that of the other, and a few sparks of fire rolled at the fierce collision, and fell expiring on the floor.

And then, for an instant, the seconds without the door heard a sharp ringing of steel, a groan, a fall, and all again was silent as the tomb! The duel at midnight had ended; but *how*? They were appalled at the horrible question.

Waiting some minutes, and hearing nothing more, Col. Morton and the stranger prepared a light, unlocked the door, and entered. The spectacle was most affecting. There lay the bloody corpse of the duellist, Johnson, mangled dreadfully, and above it stood the erect and imposing form of the lawyer, Thomas—unhurt, not a cut on hisskin or a rent in his clothing, but weeping as if his heart were broken.

He started back as the flashing light dazzled his eyes, and, growing pale as the dead at his feet, exclaimed, in accents of immeasurable anguish—"Oh, God! how shall I endure to meet my dear wife, with this murderous gore on my hands!" Such pains would defile the very gates of heaven, and blacken the floor of hell itself!"

He did, however, afterwards meet Emma and her babe; but we shall not attempt to paint the scene. A week subsequently, he was shot to pieces in his own office, while employed in writing after night. The assassin was not known, but supposed to be a younger brother of the duellist, Johnson.

The stranger who acted in the combat as the second of Thomas was indeed, as he said, from Texas, and then traveling through Mississippi, and was the bravest man, perhaps, that ever drew the breath of life—James Bowie, who fell only with the fall of the Alamo, when his red knife was drunk with the blood of Mexicans.

ON THE JURY.

How the New Order of Things Operates in Wyoming.

The following letter is from a Wyoming correspondent of the Dodge County (Wis.) Citizen:

DEAR MOTHER: Of course you have read in all the papers how that Anty has been setting on the jury, and how they convicted a man to death. I know it was a great honor for her, but I had an awful time of it, and was glad enough when they adjourned. You see girls is scarce and high out this way, and Uncle Jed hasn't got his place paid for yet, so Anty and me do our own work. The day the jury begun to set we got up at 3 o'clock and had the wash out before breakfast. Anty went away before 10—then I had the work to finish up, and dinner to get. Before I got half through little Ulysses Grant Flail woke up and missed his mother, and set up such a howling you'd have thought there was a dozen Indians on the war-path. I tried my best to keep him quiet—at last I began to sing to him:

"Nice little baby, don't get in a fury,
Cause mamma's gone to set on the jury."

Just as I got the words out of my mouth uncle Jed came in, and says, "damn your jury." He was biling mad, I tell you, for he cannot bear to hear the baby cry. He told me to take the baby straight to the court-house to his mother, and he would eat his dinner in the pantry; and told me to tell Anty to get excused and come home. But when I got there, the Chief Justice was preachin' to the wimmin beautifully, and told 'em how that all the world was looking at them; and that Wyoming had took the first step to give wimmin their rights, and lots more that I can't remember. Poor Ulysses spied his mother and was getting uneasy, so that I couldn't hear half of it. After she got through, Anty gave the baby his dinner, and he was happy as a prince, looking at all the folks. She said if she did not come home to supper I might bring the baby again about dark. Well, I had to trot that baby three times a day back and forth, all the time that Anty was settin' on that jury, and do all the work besides. All the wimmin had on new dresses except Anty. She bought a beautiful blue merino, but couldn't get it made up for love nor money—so she had to wear her black alpaca. She was glad of it afterwards, for a man sat next to me and says to another man that that woman in a black dress is sensible, for wimmin settin' on a jury in a murder trial ought to wear mourning. I was real provoked one day when I was takin the baby; he kept squalling all the way, when who should I see coming but Bill Smirker. I pulled my veil over my face and pretended I didn't see him, but he sings out, "Hallo! what's that? a young juryman?" Bill has been home with me a couple of times, but I'm afraid he won't again after that meeting. They wouldn't let Anty come home during the whole time. I couldn't get dinner, so Uncle Jed used to get a lunch at the saloon. I don't ought to say anything about it, but he stayed out three nights till 12. Where he was I don't know. I shall tell Anty, for she is all tuckered out, and has to lie down every little while. Anty said today that she was going to turn over a new leaf in the house. She would hire a girl, cost what it might. She had come to her senses, and found out her sphere, and as for wearing herself out among pots and kettles, and being a slave for Jed Flail, if she knew herself she shouldn't do it. Not much, Mary Ann! She is going to read and expand her mind, and some day will start on a lecturing tour, and that would be pretty soon, if I want for the baby. She she said 'there is one thing certain. I put my foot on that square; there will no more Flails come into this house. Ulysses is the oldest, and will always be the youngest. When I was settin on that jury I was mortified almost to death to think of Jed Flail's being so stupid as to send that baby right in court time. Of course he had no feelings for me. I sometimes thought I should faint away and drop out of my seat, and this great lumix to drag out what little life there was in me. Other wimmin could have their babies at recess, and their fathers think just as much of them as Jed does of his baby. If I had my life to live over again, I'd keep school till I was gray before I'd marry a man that couldn't appreciate my talents." I said, "Anty, you was beginning to get gray, weren't you, Johnson, when you married?" but she didn't hear. Just then somebody knocked; I opened the door, and there stood Ruth Roddock. She had been visiting here a spell. She says to Anty, "Good morning, Mrs. Flail, how do you find yourself after setting on the jury?" She said she had just come from Mrs. Goslow's; that she and the baby were both sick; that she left a quilt half off when she went to serve her country by setting on that jury; and now that Providence seen fit to afflict them with sickness she did not know when it would come off with nobody but a twelve year-old daughter to do everything. Then I called at Mrs. Knockabout's, and she has the rheumatiz pretty bad. Her husband had got the children off to school, and the breakfast dishes washed. He served by volunteering to work his finger nails off, for he considered it a great honor to have a wife smart enough to set on the first jury of wimmin in America. They would have agreed sooner, if it hadn't been for that pesky cuss of a man, for they did not calculate from the first to let that murderer go, and have folks say they were chicken-hearted, and darsent convict him. Ruth told Anty that it would be a good idea to stop some of the Mormon sisters on their way to Salt Lake and impress 'em into the service, and so keep every husband well supplied with nurses—then they might serve their country and still have things going on as smooth at home as a well-regulated jail. Anty says I must go to school, and as I am pretty good in grammar an' spelling, she wants me to study latin. She says she has heard the doctors and lawyers are chuck full of latin, she thinks they are, for she could not make out a good many of the words, and knows they must 'a been latin. She says most likely I'll have to set on the jury sometime, and she don't want me to be as ignorant as she is. You had better sell the cow and let me have the money to go to school.

Your affectionate daughter.
SALLE SPROUT.

LOVE'S BELIEF.

I believe if I should die,
And you should kiss my eyelids when I lie
Quiet, dead and dumb to all the world contains,
The folded orbs would open at thy breath.
And from its lifeless lips the silence of death
Life would come gladly back along my veins.

I believe if I were dead,
And you upon my lifeless heart should read,
Not knowing what the poor clod cheated to be,
It would find additional throbbing in that
Of him it ever loved in life so much,
And throb again, warm, tender, true to thee.

I believe if on my grave,
Hidden in woody deep, or by the wave,
Your eyes should drop some warm tears of regret,
From every such seed of your sorrow shall
Some fair sweet blossome would leap into leaf,
To prove death could not make my love forget.

I believe if I should fade
Into those mysterious realms where light is made,
And you should long once more my face to see,
I would come forth upon the hills at night,
And gather stars like flowers with my sight,
Led by the beacon blaze, fell fain on me.

I believe my faith in thee,
Strong as my life, so nobly placed
In you who seem to me the very sun
Fall like a dead king from his high sublime,
His glory stricken from the throne of time,
As the unworthy worship thou hast won.

I believe who hast not loved
Hath half the treasure of his life unproved;
Who never felt the glorious anguish of pain
Drops it, with all its crimson juice supressed,
And all its curious sweetness left ungleaned.
Oh! from his careless and unheeding clasp.

I believe love, pure and true,
Is to the soul a sweet immortal dew
That gems life's petals in its hours of dusk;
The waiting angels see and recognize
The rich crown jewel, love of paradise,
When life falls from us like a withered husk.

RAY FROM THE NIGHT SIDE.

In the spring of 1842 four young English men were dreamily floating down the Nile in their fast and trim-built yacht Leona. The voyagers drank their coffee, smoked Latakia, and gossiped for some two hours, when Langford, one of the party, vowed that he was sleepy, and went below. The other three remained on deck—for the air was cool and refreshing, the tobacco good, and the moon at her full—and thus all things conspired to make three good talkers forget time and gossip on far down into the night. Midnight was not far off, the trio still talked on, when their companion Langford, with a sleepy face, emerged from below, and in a shary voice demanded, "If they ever meant to stop their confounded long gossip, the row of which was forcing its way down into the cabin?"

"For the last half hour," he added, "have I been vainly trying to get a wink of sleep—and now I give it up in despair."

"But you have been down, old fellow, for two hours or more."

"True," said Langford, "true; but the first hour and a half I spent in trying to get rid of a dream which after all wouldn't be got rid of, and ever since I really woke your long tongues have kept me in a state of continual"—

"Poor creature! poor creature!" exclaimed the whole party. "Come up and tell your dream Langford, and have a pipe of that wonderful tobacco we got last night."

They would hear of no denial, and amid applause, as well as many a bitter joke against all dreamers and all dreams, Langford at last agreed to tell his story.

"I was very tired," said he, "when I went below, and soon fell fast asleep. After some time I began to dream; and never in my life with so deep and entire belief of being a sharer in real, not imaginary, scenes. I was all at once in London—in Oxford street. The sun shone brightly, and omnibuses, cabs, and all other vehicles rushed over that stony"—

"How about the wooden pavement, Langford?"

"Well, stony or wooden, just as you like. All I know is, that there was the usual terrific row going on, as I strolled leisurely on, on the shady side of the way. Where I was going I knew not."

"That's the truest thing you've said yet, Langford. Loafing about was always your peculiar forte. But go on."

"Exactly what I wanted to do. But as usual you fellows interrupt with your senseless remarks. Before I could decide where I was going, just as I reached the corner of Baker street, where an old friend of ours lives, the whole scene was changed. I was in an old-fashioned bedroom at No. 1,520, my friend's house, and there before me in a bed lay old Mr. Gritt, very ill and apparently dying. His face only appeared above the clothes, but one glimpse of that was sufficient to tell me that the owner of it was well known to me, and that death was at hand. One other person besides myself stood by his bedside, and that one was old Sarah, an old servant of my mother's, who lives at the other side of London. Utterly amazed at the whole scene, and especially at her presence, I was about to exclaim, "What on earth are you doing here, Sarah?" when the old man, with uplifted hand, signed to me to be silent, and then uttered these words:

"Take my blessing, Frank, before I go."

"Then, with a sudden start, I awoke."

"Is that all," interrupted Gifford, "because, if it is all, I beg to say that I consider your dream one of the most trumpery I ever heard of—especially after such a grand opening."

"When did you last hear from Sarah?" said Malice the second. "I thought he was fearfully anxious to get his letters this morning."

"Laugh away, quiz away, sceptics; and when tired you shall hear whether it is all or not."

After some minutes' neat sparring he began again.

"No, it is not all. I fell asleep again, and again was at 1,520 in Baker street; not now in the bedroom, but in the hall at the foot of a very narrow flight of stairs. Down these narrow stairs the undertaker's men were bringing a large, brass-nailed coffin. The coffin was both long and broad, while the stairs were low, narrow and winding, and it was with extreme difficulty that the descent was managed—not without twice lowering the coffin to the ground. On the lid I saw plainly the name and age of my friend, 'C. Gritt, aged 67.' In another moment I was again awake."

"Well," exclaimed Gifford, "is that all? or does Sarah appear on the tapis once more?"

"All?" said the dreamer—"all? Why, in the name of the Seven Sleepers, what more can you want? Isn't it as complete and respectable a dream as possible? Ought I to have put on a hat-band for old Gritt, or paid the funeral charges?"

And then followed a whole train of good-natured banter for which we have no space.

A month or two passed away, and the whole thing was utterly forgotten, when, after many wanderings, they got to Cairo, where the whole party found letters awaiting them. One from his brother to Langford contained the following postscript:

"By the way, Charley, before I finish this scrawl, I must, tell you one scrap more. Old Gritt is dead. You remember the old fellow in Baker street? He was ill long, and, to my amazement, sent for me. I went, of course, and found him alone in dingy old No. 1,520, with not a soul in the house but one old scarecrow of a charwoman, who had been in the habit of waiting on him. When my mother heard of his forlorn condition, she insisted on sending Sarah—pet Sarah, mind—to take care of the old boy; and so she did to the last. I did all I could, but he sank rapidly, and died within a week. He left us nothing, but you, who he said wanted his blessing more than a ring. I was at his funeral on the 26th of March (the very day of the dream), and a tiresome affair it was. The coffin was so long and so broad that the undertaker's men had a terrific fight to get down stairs, to turn and twist it over several times. Youre member old Gritt was some six feet high without his shoes, and a very uncomfortable time he must have had of it—coming down those stairs.

GREAT INVENTIONS.

Some Interesting Facts About Them.

[From the Philadelphia Press.]

It would appear as if the greatest discoveries, once put into action, mature very rapidly, and almost "consummate at their birth." The electric telegraph was popular not only in this country, where it was first practically employed, but in a very short time throughout Europe. As soon as Robert Fulton had gone from New York to Albany in a boat propelled by steam, and thereby shown that steam navigation was a reality, Henry Bell applied the same principle to naval locomotion on the river Clyde at Glasgow, and steam vessels became common first on British waters and then among the various maritime nations of Europe. Within six months after the late

Courier-Journal.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 17, 1870.

THE RESURRECTION.

A Sermon Preached in Broadway M. E. C. S., by Rev. H. M. Jackson.

Text—"The Lord is risen indeed."—Luke, 24th chapter, 34th verse.

The resurrection of Jesus Christ was a most stupendous miracle. It was a fact, and like all other facts had to be established by human testimony. Being a miraculous fact, it must be supported by evidence of the strongest character.

It will be admitted by all Christians, and by candidly the evidence which, it is claimed, is sufficient to establish the truth of the fact.

The laws of evidence require that credible witnesses who testify to a fact should possess the following characteristics: They should have opportunity, capacity, honesty and independence; they should be sufficient in number, harmonious in the statement of facts, and disinterested; so far as all present or temporal results are concerned. It is found, also, that the weight of testimony is greatly increased if it be given against interest of the witnesses. Let the testimony in the case before us be examined in the light of these characteristics. The witnesses had every opportunity. The fact was a tangible one. It was before them. They could see, and hear, and feel the risen Redeemer. No room for doubt this. They were men of good common sense and sound judgment. They were not under the slightest proof of dishonesty. On the contrary, their own confessions and sturdy disposition prove both their honesty and their inability to feed nor. The testimony is not weakened by the fact that the witnesses had been the ward of harmony; for more than five hundred were witnesses of this great fact. Indeed, the entire spiritual life of believers in all ages has been a testimony to the risen Christ. All say that the rock from the door on the third day. Here is positive testimony in reference to the great fact. The apparently slight discrepancies as to the exact moment of the discovery are such as to prove that there was no understanding among the witnesses, and testimony. Increases the weight of the testimony. The testimony is found worthy to be received by the witnesses. They were not merely declaimed, but delivered testimony, were in a position to know that their lives were in peril for so doing. There was no opposing testimony, except the testimony of sleeping soldiers. If the men were asleep, their evidence is worthless, for no one can testify concerning what occurs during the time he was asleep. A witness may testify that a house was burned during his slumbers, but he can not testify as to the exact time of the fire. He could have borne testimony that when they fell asleep the body was in the grave, and when they awoke it was missing from the grave. But they could go no further. They were utterly unable to say to that meaning occurred during the time they could not have witnessed the occurrence. So, then, if they were asleep, their evidence is not to be received, and if not asleep, they are incompetent. And if they were not asleep, having said they were, they must stand aside as false witnesses, according to that great and just principle "false in one false in all." Now, then, we are bound to believe that Christ arose from the dead, and to believe that honest men were guilty of falsehood; that independent liars could, without collusion, agree upon a false statement; that two hundred would concur in the same lie without any agreement to do so. We must also believe that men will not only lie without motive, but that they will do it for the sake of clergies, or exile, or death. In that event that is simply that they may receive the severest punishment known to savage or to civilized life. Such things are incredible. Other than mere belief in riser or all the laws of evidence are at fault, all human testimony is to be rejected, all history is a lie, all confidence is misplaced, the past is a myth, and the future is covered with shadows as dark as midnight. The eye of faith itself cannot pierce it. Reject this truth and every light by which our feet are guided is put out, and we are left in the realm of darkness. We must either believe this fact or we must let universal skepticism, and, without a Bible, without God, without life and without hope, we must wander in the dark regions of atheism, or no such people in light and life, through whose gloom not even the twinkle of a star farther upon the vision. We take it, then, as there is any fever in motives, any certainty in human action, any rules of evidence, any force in testimony and any moral truth in the universe, that Christ did arise from the dead.

Having, as we think, candidly and in the fear of God arrived at the conclusion that the resurrection of Christ is a fact, we proceed, solemn pause, to inquire, in the second place, to show the teachings of this stupendous miracle—of this miracle of miracles.

First, then, it declares that Jesus is the Son of God. Admit the resurrection, then there is no difficulty in admitting the supernatural and the divinity of Jesus Christ. The conquest of death and the triumph over the grave were achievements which stamped with indiscernible letters the character of Jesus as divine. His death had ignominy in humanity. His resurrection proclaims Him the Son of God with power. This was a victory so grand that it caused all human victories to pale before it. It was an achievement so sublime as that it should have hushed the world in the cavils of infidelity and abolished all the barbarous rites of paganism. Jupiter and Mars at Venus and Juno and the rest of heathen deities have fallen like Dagon before the ark of God, and heathen oracles should have ceased their lying forever.

As the sun after an eclipse, which has been total and dense which night has spread its sable curtain over the world, suddenly bursts from the clouds, flooding plenty and awakens a universal shout from the startled spectators, so, my brethren, when the Son of righteousness suffered the eclipse of death the world was covered with a veil of gloom, and men looked up in vain for light. But when with its own mighty hand He rent the veil of death and passed from the dark eclipse His glorious, cloudless shone on the universe with power and awakened a shout of praise whose reverberations have not died away in the lapse of ages and whose echoes shall mingle with the songs of eternity.

Again, the resurrection of Jesus Christ being established, the entire remedial dispensation becomes God's only plan to recover the lost and to add to the glory of His person and to praise for of his mercy. The resurrection of Christ puts the cope-stone upon the magnificent temple of human redemption and opens wide the portals of the house of refuge. It places the top-round to the ladder that Jacob saw and makes the union of heaven and earth complete. It declares the law of death abolished and the law of life, immortality, established. It proclaims the ransomed and the captive set free. It fills with vital power the whole gospel system and makes its every utterance to every condition and every freeman in the universe. It teaches that where sin abounded grace hath much more abounded. It lights up with a heavenly luminaries with the torch of truth and fills voiceless deserts with songs of rejoicing. It announces the full justification of a truth whose first whisperings were heard in the promise the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head, whose deeper intonations were uttered by prophets and bards, and whose echoes in the Barbarous speech of angels tell from the lips of the dying Savior, and whose glorious, supernatural and unequaled culmination from his own resurrection from the grave. It is the consummation of redemption and the fulfillment of the prayer "Father, glorify Thy son that Thy son may glorify Thee." With redemption complete, a new epoch dawns upon the world. For the first time since the fatal hand held high carnival over the earth; no voice had broken upon the silence of the sepulcher and no life had stirred beneath the heavy stone that covered its portals. Now a voice sublime in its power, deep in its intonations and hope-inspiring in every utterance breaks the long silence and stirs the dead out of centuries. It proclaims the long night and the monster that is Death has ceased his carnival and the dreary portals of the grave are flung wide to receive the tenants. In the resurrection the last enemy is dispelled, the last enemy vanquished and the last terror removed.

It is important in order to show the moral bearing of this great fact to present it free-by and truthfully as it occurred. Jesus has died amid the convulsions of nature. It is the third morning, and still He slumbers in the cold embrace of death. His body, pierced by toil and washed by rivers of blood, lies cold and quiet in the new-made grave. No more the heart throbs, the lungs expand, the tide of life moves along its accustomed channels, the lips part, the eyes open, the limbs move, the countenance beams with smiles and is radiant with unearthly life. He lives. Death is conquered. Immortality is proclaimed. The prospects of the sepulcher are overthrown. He claims death to his own conquering car and rides forth a mighty conqueror, the world's great Redeemer. He exhibits unmistakably upon His banner and bears it aloft over the crumbling walls of the sepulcher. Angels, upon the whole royalist way the stone, raise a shout of triumph and thousands every skeleton in the valley of dry bones quiver and awaken to life from pole to pole.

This work sublime, this victory without a parallel, is at once the assurance and the type of our own resurrection. It is not now a thing incredible that you should rise from the dead. Jesus has said "If a man die shall he live again" has been answered with an emphatic and a sublime yes which angels cannot equal and which mortals may not attempt to imitate, in the one work of the resurrection of Jesus a deeper impression was made upon the world than ages had made before. It is an impression not only upon the minds of the living but upon the silent mansions of the dead. This impression as it is inwrought in the heart of humanity teaches us to look out of life to love, and that humanity in its material substance as well as in its immaterial character shall pass from glory to glory. There is no annihilation. Soul and body are both immortal. As our eyes the morning rose upon the dead body of Jesus, and as sure as on that morning angels and men beheld a risen Lord, so sure shall another morn break in an epi ndor upon a slumbering world. No beneficence more after a night of cloud and storm ever equaled the glories that shall attend the Resurrection morn. Then above all these splendors the Son of God shall be seen and louder than the peals of clustering trumpets the voice of the Highest shall be heard. Rising from the cemeteries where since the dead, millions throng the air and once more are inspired with life, and once more the grave has surrendered its last victim. Youth and age now mingle on the same level and join in harmony of praise and make the welkin ring with shouts of joy. Like unto his glorious body shall all his children be born forth, clothed with immortality. Higher than the angelic shall glorified humanity rises forth in the likeness of the Son of God. While voices greater than ever angels uttered the ransomed of the Lord shall celebrate the sublime theme of redemption. With intelligent clay as the sun in the heavens our glorified humanity shall then comprehend the infinitude of redemption's love. With hearts melted into love and attuned to praise we shall then respond to all the love that the Father hath bestowed upon us, and every palpitation in the heart of God shall meet its responsive throb in ours. Clothed in white robes, associated with immortal spirits around the throne, possessed of heavenly powers and wearing a lofter impress than earth ever knew, we shall equal the echoes of ocean in the melody and swell of praise that we send up to God.

No marvel, then, that this doctrine of the resurrection was to the world from the days of Job and brought thousands of converts to the cross of Christ. This truth still lives, its power is as great as ever. Here I usher my hammer. Here I raise the glorious standard still high advanced. And here I call to ransoming work. Here, as I feel interest, arouse to duty, lay hold on eternal life and share your part in the first resurrection.

THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS.

A Letter of Explanation From an Israelite of Cincinnati.

[To the Editor of the Courier-Journal:]

CINCINNATI, April 13, 1870.

It has been recommended in more than one address in the Louisville Temple on last Sunday, I advocated the retention of the Bible in the public schools of America. I simply asserted that I believe the question whether the Bible in our schools was at the instigation of a *foreign potentate*, and that a large part of the people of this country are heaping scorn and ridicule as catspaws in obedience to orders issued *from Rome*. After detailing some of the acts done in the name of religion which had controlled the European powers and ruined, that the Israelite system, and endeavored to show from some particular instances between the history of the past and the present; that a Mortara child had been seized by the church, baptized, and the guardianship of its parents denied, in spite of the expostulations of nearly every Government of Europe, joined in by the United States, and that there was no law to reach the case. Thus the rights of the family were to be subjected. Next I quoted from the speeches of Pere Hyacinthe, in which he stated that it was opposed to all that in this age there was no room in civilization but for the three religions—Catholicism, Protestantism and Judaism, that the last to remain only because recognized, and that he scorned the former. Thus the right of free speech was denied. That a free press was to be prohibited needed no illustration, for since the days of the burnings at the Spanish Cortes, especially from the speeches of the Canon of Vittoria and the intrepid Castelar, the former satisfactorily illustrates in Christendom. I am passionately a partisan of national liberties, as a true Catholic I cannot admit the absolute liberty of thought. If Spain casts herself in the bosom of free worship, abandoned by God, she will utterly perish from the list of civilized nations. Thus thought was to be enslaved. (The whole debate, published in the Cincinnati Daily World, Independent, &c., should be read by every American.) No one can believe the assertion about to be pronunciated and the syllabus of last year needs no suggestion from me that the entire subjection of the affairs of State to the inalliible church is demanded, and, to use the exact language of any one denies it, "let him be anathema." Seeing all these signs of the times, one of my illustrations was as follows: Watchman, what of the night? Over arid wastes, from distressed seas, from arctic and from torrid zone, from marts of commerce, school, college, cloister and palace, there proceed bands of pilgrimages to proclaim that a man unknown, haply vile, haply limbecile, or weak, subject to all the ills that flesh is heir to, is infallible. That one who is chosen, and has to be chosen, subject to all the corrupt wiles and artifices of human election, is to think and define for millions yet unborn. Against such monstrous doctrine well may many disclaim. Only America is supine. She sees and feels through every pulsation of domain a power owning and paying allegiance to a foreign sovereign. Her acknowledging to act by his instructions, hands are laid on the bulwark of American freedom, the public schools, and America, the proud America, yields without a struggle, because, and let it be plainly understood, there are votes at issue. Text books must be revised, enormous sums for edifies paid to sectarian schools, as already exacted in New York, peculiar catechisms taught as in San Francisco, and in the whole West the exclusion of the Bible is announced simply as the catering wedge, sure merely to prepare for it's making room for something to hoist-holes. Still, whether it was an honest, credibable distrust, or an idle, causeless suspicion, I was literally assailed on all sides, and now we have around us military associations of all kinds and description—"Grand Armies" and "Great Reunions," "Armies of the Cumberland" and "Armies of the Potomac"—legions arrayed avowedly to embalm the memories, not, as with our ancestors, of a war against oppression, but of a war of wrong, a war of "what work of wars, a war of brethren," and not merely that, but, if such orators as Martindale are to be credited, avowedly "Catholic and doctrinal antipathies to which the war originated. A social reunion—nay, even an eleemosynary one—of the survivors of days of peril and heroism, I would not object to, but when the development of personal sympathy ripens into huge parades, which cost the unfortified nations harangues and acrid, though monstrously stupid, poetry and the expression of professional animosities, the thing is very different. Such are the public army, and weeds and meetings and the concurrent testimony of gallant men who come contended in the scene, as the recent Potomac pageant in Philadelphia, and Sheridan, and only in mockery of all Quaker tradition, with the fresh blood of the Piegan papooses on his hands, gave the benediction, and only in mockery of the Army of the Potomac as he has with the noble army of the Hungry, took part, and Meade, surrounded by his staff and second in fact and Franklin sat unnoticed, and McClellan was barely mentioned—though when he was there was a perfect swallow up ovation, which the party managers, civil and military, could not control.

It must have been a curious sight, this gathering in the Philadelphia Academy of Music, that accursed building whence, but a week before, Revels had been excluded, and across whose portals the colored members of a Philadelphia newspaper now before us—"no decent man ought ever again to put his foot." It is not easy, looking at what was said and done, to say why it was done. Under all, if Church and State are to be subjected. Next I quoted from the speeches of Pere Hyacinthe, in which he stated that it was opposed to all that in this age there was no room in civilization but for the three religions—Catholicism, Protestantism and Judaism," this he had to repeat to many to be appreciated